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Christmas Offering,

1898.

BY EMMA OVERMAN RAYBURN

AND ISABEL OVERMAN DIEHL.

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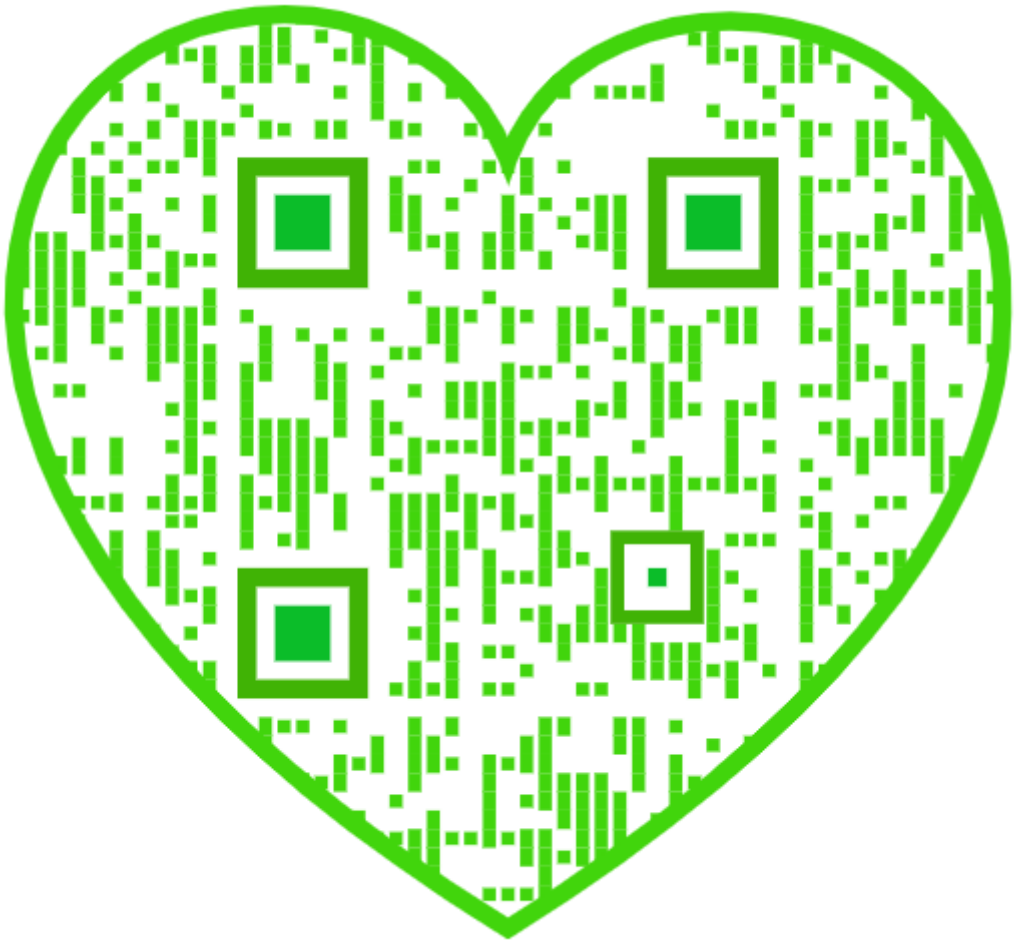

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Preface.

We desire to make this little "offering" in the true spirit of Him who said—"Not by might nor by power, but by my spirit."

So with earnest prayer for His blessing on all who read its pages, and on the cause to which it is dedicated, the work of Home and Foreign Missions, it is sent on its errand of love.

While the work of our own denomination occupies the first place in our hearts, yet we long, more than all else, for the extension of Christ's dear Kingdom, "Among all peoples and nations;" and we shall be more than glad, if the missionary societies of other Evangelical churches can, through the sale of the little book, help their own denominational work along.

Our plan is for the President of each Auxiliary Society to bring the matter before her members; and should they see fit to take it up, appoint some efficient member–or bright boy or girl–who can afford to donate some of their time to the work, to solicit subscriptions for the book in that particular community, sending all orders to the senior author and manager, Mrs. Emma O. Rayburn, Paxton, Ill. All proceeds above cost of publication, advertising and correspondence of the manager—including all postage or express on books—to be retained by societies for their own missionary work, with the request of the authors that it be *equally* divided between the Boards—Home and Foreign.

Trusting in God for a blessing on our effort to help His cause,

Yours, "In His Name,"

E. O. Rayburn, Paxton, Ill.

I. O. Diehl, Los Angeles, Cal.

Christmas Eve.

Christmas Eve! What hallowed mem'ries
Hover round our hearts to-night;
What a world of love and sweetness
Shines from happy faces bright.
Little, anxious hearts have waited,
Watched and waited, counted too,
Months and weeks that seemed like ages,
'Till the days were only few
That would bring the baypy Christmas,
Sweetest day of all the year;
Day that brings such precious treasures,
Day of all the days most dear;
Day, when solemn, sacred feelings
Mingle with our joy and mirth;
When we banish care and sorrow,
When love reigns throughout the earth.

Listen children, while I tell you
Of a story sweet and old;
Of a story that grows sweeter
Every time we hear it told.

Many years ago this evening,
When the stars were shining bright,
Shepherds in the field abiding,
Keeping watch of flocks by night,
Saw a great light shining round them,
Heard a voice from out the sky,
For the Lord had sent His Angel
With a message from on high;
Sent him down through floods of glory
With a message of good cheer.
Bidding them to hearken to him,
Quieting their anxious fear.
And the angel said unto them:—
"Fear not; Unto you I bring
Joyful tidings for all people.
Unto you is born a King.
Unto you is born a Savior;
Christ is born o'er all to reign.
You will find Him in Judea,
In the city of the plain;
You will find Him in a manger,
In the city, Bethlehem."—

Suddenly from out the heavens
Burst a melody of song!
Multitudes were with the angel,
Heavenly hosts a glorious throng!
Singing, "Glory in the highest,
On earth peace, good will toward men"

Thus it was our heavenly Father
Sent his son down from above,
Sent our first great "Christmas present"—
Gift of boundless, priceless love.
This is why, dear little children,
Over all the earth to-night,
Merry Christmas chimes are pealing,
Ringing out with wild delight;
When with morning's beams of splendor
"Merry Christmas" is begun,
Don't forget the first great Christmas,
Birth of God's beloved son.

My Little.

I am ashamed, an offering
So small to bring my Lord,
When he hath shed His precious blood—
At point of cruel sword—
To take away my stains of sin;
And make me fit to enter in,
"Where many mansions be!"
But he hath said—O, blessed thought—
"If first a willing mind
Thou hast my child to give and do,
Then thou shalt surely find,
The best of all the gifts to bring—
The heart's own incense to the King—
Is truest love to me!"

"The love that 'maketh not ashamed'
To own before the world,
Allegiance to thy risen Lord—
Tho' taunts and jeers be hurled—
That self-denying love, which sees
"Each opportunity to please

Him, whom thy soul would prove;
Each day—in every little thing—
A constant watch to keep,
That all thy words and actions, make
A 'harvest' fit to reap
For Him—a privilege divine!
'For Him' thy golden sheaves shall shine
In garners built above!

"I know my child, thy faith and love;
And tho' thy store be small,
Remember, I, the Lord, am He
Who 'ruleth over all!'
I have the power to make thy gift
Ten thousand weary souls, to lift
Above earth's care and sin!
O, never grow discouraged then,
Nor say 'my little's naught,'
'Twill be, when in true spirit giv'n,
With richest blessing fraught.
"Thine influence, widening like the sea
To draw poor sinners unto me,
A crown of life shall win."

The Christmas Offering.

I cast about within my mind,
To see if haply, I might find
A way to make some money clear,
To help the Mission cause so dear

At length I hit upon a scheme—
Which might unwarrantable seem—
And yet the great apostle Paul
Said, "I be all things unto all,
If I by any honest plan,
Might lead some one to the Son of Man,
Who bore our griefs, and burdens too,
Yea, died that we might live anew."

Why should I hesitate to prove
That I his cause sincerely love,
By doing what my hand can find,
With all my soul and might and mind.

So Bible truths, all dressed in rhyme,
Shall win, I trust, full many a dime,
Which, by His strength, and blessing too,
May grow to dollars, not a few.

As the loaves and fishes grew,
May our little "offering" too;
Grant, dear Lord, that it may lead
Many hungering souls to feed
Upon the precious bread of Heaven,
Which thou, in thy dear son hast given;
And, drinking from from the "living well,"
Have nevermore of thirst to tell!

Speed, O, speed the time away,
When "a nation in a day,"
Shall in triumph shout and sing—
"All glory to our Heav'nly King!"

"Lo! All the harvest fields are white!"
Thrust in the sickle with our might,
The "night is coming on apace,
When we shall stand before His face,
The "one great judge of all the earth!"
Take heed, O, ye of little worth!
"Go, in my vineyard, work to-day."
He calls—O, haste ye to obey!

"Why stand ye idle all the day,
When millions, now are on their way,
Thro' superstition's awful night,
To their poor soul's eternal blight?

"A crown of life, I have in store
For all who toil—and ne'er give o'er—
"To bring my Kingdom's sure increase,
Then let your labors never cease!
Whatever ills betide in life—
All through earth's trials, din and strife,
Keep all your armor shining bright,
And wield the sword of truth and right.

"Ye blessed of my Father, come!
Inherit your eternal home!"
The promise unto all is giv'n,
Who lead poor, wandring souls to heaven!

Consecration.

PSALM 116-12.

Lord, I will render unto thee
A contrite spirit and a broken heart
For all thy benefits to me;
And in thy loving service Lord, O, Give me part!

The humblest work I'll gladly take—
Whate'er, dear Lord, thou seest fit to send—
Only give strength, for Jesus' sake,
That I may weary not unto the end.

So many have my blesslngs been,
In vain I try to count them—o'er and o'er—
E'en in my woes, thy hand is seen—
I feel thy loving kindness—more and more!

Nearer, my God, to thee I'd live,
E'en tho' it be a cross that raiseth me.
Dear Lord, my little all I give—
My hands, my feet, m mind, my life, to thee.

My hands with patience shall all their work perform;
My feet shall swiftly run to do thy will;
My mind her powers exert to aid reform,
And by thy grace, my life shall serve thee still.

O consecrate my latent powers
To thy most righteous cause, my Priest and King;
And strengthen me, in darkest hours,
That I, by faith and truest life, may bring

The glad "good news of Peace on earth,"
To many a weary, heavy-laden soul;
That they may know thy matchless worth,
And bow o thine all-wise, supreme control.

If 'tis thy will my life shall be
A "ministry of sorrow," for His sake
Who bore the pangs of death for me,
O, grant me grace, that I may take.

The "bitter mingled with the sweet"
As from the great Physician of my soul,
And bow submissive at his feet,
Who hath the power alone to make me whole,

My risen Lord a cup hath drained,
Which no man, e'er before nor since,
Had power to drink! Thou hast attained
To sit on Heaven's throne, Almighty Prince!

O, thou who reignest thus, on high,
Who hast "all power, in Heaven and on earth,"
As I approach thee, draw thou nigh
To thy poor, needy child whose only worth

Is, that thy grace and mercy Lord,
From Satan's pow'r can keep me free—
For thou hast giv'n me thy word
That, "as thy day is, so thy strength shall be."

So, whether, dearest Lord, thy will
For me to run on errands, to and fro,"
Or merely "stand and wait," or fill
The days with labor, grinding hard and slow,

It matters not, If I may hear
At last the welcome music of the voice,
"Well done and faithful! Come up here
And in my love, forevermore rejoice."

Creation's Under-song.

Over the velvety meadows,
Through the morning's purple gleam,
I passed to the beautiful woodland.
And stood by the side of a stream,
Whose silvery waves murmur soft and low
To the glistening pebbles o'er which they flow.

The sun with a crimson glory
Was flushing the eastern sky,
And changing to wondrous beauty
The tops of the hills so high,
That rose with majestic grandeur and grace,
And were gently clasped in the clouds' embrace.

In the meadows and by the wayside,
Were the buttercups growing bold;
A single dew-drop diamond
Held each dainty cup of gold
That shone and sparkled more wondrously fair,
Than the costliest jewels, rich and rare.

Down in a secret, shadowy nook,
From its cool, damp, mossy bed,
Gently swayed by the morning breeze,
The Violet lifted its head
To tell of the love and friendship true,
To the lonely rock, by which it grew.

Up on the flowery hillside,
At the foot of a moss-covered tree,
The Wake Robin's pure, white petals
Unfolded their beauty to me;
And with gentle voices seem to say
"Let thy life grow purer, day by day"

The graceful ferns bowed lightly
Before the gentle breeze;
The birds sang blithely, sweetly,
Among the lofty trees;
And the thick-leaved branches trembled under the sweet refrain,
And the leaves made low, sweet music like the sound of summer rain.

The trees bending over the water,
To hide it with their shade,
Lovingly, clasping each other,
A leafy archway made;
And the sunlight falling through the leaves,
With their shadows danced merrily on the waves.

All day in the woodland, I listened,
To the songs which its voices sang,
Hushed by the wondrous music
With which the forest rang;
And over my spirit there came a mystic, magic spell,
While the echoing hills repeated the sweet tones as they fell.

And when the sun was setting
In the west so far away,
And the softened splendor of its light
Deepened to twilight gray,
I thought of the beauteous gifts, which fall from the master's hand,
How he scatters his richest treasures, o'er all the smiling land.

How all may enjoy the pleasures
Of the bountiful gifts of his love,
That soothingly, softly descending
Like gentle showers from above,
Wash away sorrows that we would forget,
Prepare us for trials that must be met.

Yes, all see the outward beauty
Of the world so bright and fair.
And all hear sweet songs of nature
In the stilly evening air;
But all do not hear the anthem, as it floats on the breeze along,
The wondrously beautiful music of "Creation's Under-song."

Up from the mystic mine world,
And over the dark blue sea,
Over plains and through forests
Its music is wafted to me,
To tell that Creation's harmony sweet
Goes on forever, God's thought to complete.

The stars in the heaven so high,
From their hiding placees came,
And seemed with golden music
To repeat the Creator's name;
And the fleecy clouds, which the moon looked through,
Sailed swiftly on in the ocean of blue.

Solemnly homeward I went,
Through the moonlight's silvery gleam,
Leaving behind the woodland.
And the beautiful murmuring stream;
All was still save the cricket's song,
And the answering waves as they rippled along.

But I could not leave behind me
The lessons I learned that day,
For nature forever keeps singing
Her own sweet, beautiful lay,
To impress more deeply upon my heart
The things she so willingly doth impart.

And I think that none are so happy,
In the world's great busy throng,

As they who list to the music
Of "Creation's Under-song;"
As on and onward its measures flow,
In musical murmurs, soft and low.

Too oft in these busy lives of ours,
We forget there is aught but care;
Forget that the richest blessings
Surround us everywhere;
Forget the earnest and true in life,
'Midst the toils, and cares, and tumult, and strife.

Forget there's a part for us to sing
In this beautiful Under-song,
When our hearts are filled with gladness,
Or when life seems weary and long;
Ah! Methinks that our lives would purer be
Did we join in this wonderful harmony.

Clover Blossoms.

Out on the lawn, at break of dawn,
The velvet grass outgrowing,
A bunch of clover, creamy white,
I spied in the early morning light,
Ere the gardener fell a-mowing.

From blossoms sweet, beneath my feet,
A fragrance faintly stealing,
Brings freshly to my mind to day
A field where merry children play;
I hear their laughter pealing.

Along the dells, like silver bells,
Its music echoes waken,
While clover heads, both red and white,
Nod gaily in the soft twilight,
From purple cloud-folds shaken.

A wreath they make, then gently take,
And to a tiny maiden
They bear it now, and crown her queen,
With just as much of love, I ween,
As though with jewels laden.

Ah, little queen, with gentle mien!
Your subjects to you kneeling;
You little know what queenly power
Shall grow with you each day and hour,
Both grace and love revealing.

A prophecy thou art to me,
For, as I stand beholding,
As shall each maid's, both true and good,
Into a glorious womanhood,
I see thy life unfolding.

Thy brow so fair, at last shall wear
A crown of rarest beauty seen;
And diamonds of good sense shall be
Set 'round with pearls of purity,
With amethysts of love between.

God's Care for His Children.

He careth for His children,
No good will He withhold
From them that walk uprightly,
And keep within His fold.
He is our loving Father,
To whom we all may go,
Assured of truest comfort
When burdens heavy grow!
He pities when we fear Him;
He knoweth all our frame;
And He will grant Salvation
To all who love His name.

His promise to sustain us
Thro' all the ills of life;
Thro' all our care and sorrow,
And all this earthly strife;
We know is sure and steadfast,
If we obey His will
To live pure lives, and consecrate
Our powers to serve Him still;
If we will trust His constant care,
Whatever be our lot.
Remember then, O child of God,
His goodness faileth not!

Tho' He may hide His face awhile,
And Hope herself seem dead,
'Tis but for "one small moment!"
The clouds break overhead;
And lo! "The bow of promise now,
Our weeping eyes behold!
Hark! "With everlasting kindness
—How oft hast thou been told?—
Will I have mercy on thee, child
According to thy need,
My covenant with Abraham,
Is also with his seed!

"As I have sworn the waters
Should no more flood the earth.
So have I sworn mine anger
Shall not for thee make dearth;
For lo! the mountains shall depart;
The hills shall be removed,
Before my kindness shall depart
From thee whom I have loved!
O, thou who art afflicted,
And tossed with tempest sore,
Behold, all thy foundations
Shall stand forevermore,

Inlaid with beauteous sapphires,
Thy stones with colours fair;
Thy windows of pure agates,
Thy gates of jewels rare;
"And all thy pleasant borders
Of precious stones so sweet,
Where pilgrims on life's journey
May rest their weary feet;
And all thy precious children
Shall be taught of the Lord;
And great shall be thy children's peace,
According to my word.

"In righteousness established,
Thou nevermore shalt fear;
Thou shalt be free from terror,
For it shall not come near!
No weapon e'er shall prosper,
That for thy hurt is formed;
The tongues that rise in judgment
Shall leave thee all unharmed.
With long life will I bless thee;

And fruitful thou shalt be,
Thy life an untold blessing
To weak humanity.

"And when, on Zion's mount you stand
Among the blood-washed throng,
Within the Jasper walls, to sing
That 'Wonderful new song';
How insignificant will seem
Earth's sorest trials then!
You'll wonder how you could have feared
For harm from sinful men.
When all the glory you shall see
He hath revealed in you,
Thro'out eternity you'll sing
His praises, ever new!

A True Woman.

PROV. XXXI.

Who can, in all the earth.
A virtuous woman find—
Her price above the ruby's worth—
Gentle in mien and mind?

Thank God she may be found,
In many a favored home,
Where love and joy unite;
And peace and honor come.

Her husbands heart, in her
Doth safely, sweetly trust;
He hath no need of spoil—
So pure is she— and just.

She crowns his life with good—
No evil need he fear;
So long as they shall live,
For him, love's smile she'll wear.

Right willingly her hands
Toil for the loved household;
The snow may thickly fall—
She will not fear the cold!

The law of loving-kindness
Dwelleth in her tongue;
She openeth her mouth
With wisdom for the young.

Unto the poor and needy
She stretcheth forth her hand
To feed and clothe and guide them
Unto the better land.

She is clothed with strength and honor;
And, in the time to come,
She shall rejoice forever,
In the bright, eternal home,

Her children call her blessed—
Thrice blessed shall she be,
When children's children praise her name,
And greet her lovingly.

Motherhood.

Come to my arms, my precious little lamb,
And let me look upon thy fair, sweet face,
And gaze into thine eyes of heaven's own blue.
Long, long I've waited for this sweet embrace!
The days seemed endless, and each night an age,
Ere I might see thee in thine innocence and grace.

A holy, sacred privilege was mine,
To know the beauteous dawn of conscious motherhood.
Ere yet I felt the first, faint thrill divine,
Of thy sweet, loving presence! "O, how good
And greatly to be praised art thou, my God,
To count me worthy!" Thus in joyous mood,

I sang about my work, from morn till eve;
And "pondered" in my loving mother-heart—
As happy mothers "for the first time" do—
Of all the bliss the future should impart.
Never did painter with his brush in hand,
A fairer picture draw—nor sculptor's art—

Howe'er renowned—had ever power, to form
"A model so complete in every way,"
As mine with mother-love the motive-power!
But as "the world was not made in a day,"
I must "let Patience have her perfect work";
And first of all, a "sure foundation" lay,

On which to build the structure, CHARACTER,
Whose corner-stone and pillars, strong and taut,
Rooted and grounded in the "precious faith;"
"Firm as the everlasting hills," inwrought
With solid rock, shall stand forevermore!
So chaste, so noble and so true, that naught

Can e'er destroy the stately building fair—
"Eternal in the heavens—not made with hands!"
A master-builder, far more wise and strong
Than all the artisans of earthly lands,
Shall have supreme control of this great work!
He will not build upon the shifting sands,

"Where winds shall beat, and rolling floods may come."
Upon the Rock, Christ Jesus, he will lay
A strong foundation, which no storm can shake.
Thro' earthquake shock and tempest it will stay,
More grand and fair than all the gems of earth
Or all the golden beams of earth's bright day!

To thee, O, Lord, do I commit this child,
Whose life, without thy help, I dare not try
To 'fine and mould'. O, undertake for me—
I am so weak and helpless! Be thou nigh
To teach and strengthen me for this great task;
And guide me with thine own, all-seeing eye!

I consecrate my life anew to thee;
And promise, with thy strength and wisdom given,
To lead this precious soul in thine own way;
And train it up for usefulness and Heaven,
That he may be a blessing to mankind—
Not "drifting aimlessly," nor "tempest driven."

Ah me! 'Tis many years since first the joy
Of inexperienced "Motherhood" was mine!
Forgive me for the times when I forgot
To seek thy strength and help divine;
"Forgot" to wear the "glorious dress," dear Lord,
In which my ransomed "soul should ever shine."

"Forgot" that "all my help must come from thee;"
"Forgot"—sometimes—to "trust thy constant care;"
"Forgot" to be forever, on my guard!
"So little time," dear Lord, I had to spare—

From all the pressing "cares of every day"—
For all the soul's great need! "I must prepare
For bodies, 'food and raiment' every day!"
With each child's growth, came ever new demands
Upon my time and strength, until the "load"
Grew heavier upon my busy hands
Than I could bear—alone—and so I fell
Beneath the crushing weight! Who understands—
Except the "worn-out mothers?" Ah! God knows;
And pities—and forgives! And He would bear
Our burdens oft-times, did we only heed
His loving call to "cast on Him our care!"
O, mothers! let us ever keep in mind—
"There's always blessing in believing prayer!"
And, if our "worldly cares" have been allowed
To choke, in their young hearts, the "goodly seed"
Of God's dear word, which we ourselves have sown,
O, "therefore, let us take more earnest heed"
To pray that He, in spite of our mistakes
And every wrong, may all our children lead
To see their sinfulness in His dear sight;
And look to Him for healing, peace and rest;
For strength to overcome their "wily foe"
In that "good fight" of all earth's warfare best;
To live, each day, as in His holy sight;
"In confidence," withstanding every "test!"
Thy promises are sure," I know, dear Lord;
But O, the "weary waiting seems so long!
Grant me thy presence every day and hour—
To "keep my mind and heart", and make me strong
To overcome these awful "doubts and fears"
For my dear children—haunting, all day long!
From out the "wreckage" of my building" Lord,
I pray thee save all thou didst help me do—
For His dear sake who saved me, with His blood;
Destroy the rest, and help me build anew,
Of "silver, precious stones, and purest gold,"
A structure, beautiful, and strong and true!

Idealize.

If, of life, your "high ideal"
You can never realize,
Then, in work—so hard and real—
Be your aim—"Idealize!"
Tho' unlovely and distasteful
Be the task the Master sets
Do not spend your time in wasteful—
Worse than foolish—vain regrets.
Be your aim—"Idealize!"

In compassion—strong and tender—
Ever mindful of thy need—
He, thy tried and safe defender,
Will "His own" to VICTORY lead,
Lo! The hosts of hell menace thee—
Like a hunted creature thou!
Dangers great and awful face thee,
And thou criest, "Tell me how
I may thus 'Idealize!' "

"Not by might and not by power,"
In the struggle for the right;
"By my spirit—strongest tower—
Thou mayest win the fiercest fight—
Thou shalt more than conq'rer be,
Thro' his blood—the Crucified—
From the yoke of bondage free!
If thou wilt in me abide."
Thus, thou mayest "Idealize."

Of ideal lives, our Saviour,
Christ, the lowly Nazarene,
By His every day behaviour—
"In the shop, behind the screen"—
Lived the truest, noblest, purest—
Yea, a perfect life was His!
Well He knew the way, the surest
To the "highest realms of bliss,"
Was to just—"Idealize!"

What, tho' scant the food and raiment
In his humble home on earth!
With no thought of "ample payment,"

Tho' his work of priceless worth!
Faithful, till He cried "'tis finished"—
Tho' life's burdens pressed Him sore!
Thro' His love, still undiminished,
We may live forevermore,
Truest lives "Idealized!"

La Cabana.

I've been sitting alone this evening,
Till the shadows have softly grown,
And their folds, like heavy curtains,
'Twixt heaven and earth are hung;
While the light which quickly faded,
Has to other regions flown.
O, ye in homes so happy,
With laughter, music and song—
With the loved ones gathered 'round you,
O, merry, merry throng!
Can you fathom the depths of meaning
In that one word alone?

Can you know the exquisite anguish
The indefinable pain,
The homesickness, sorrow and sadness,
The longing that's all in vain?
We thank thee, O Father in heaven,
That thou, in thine infinite love,
Dost understand all of our longings,
From thy beautiful home above;
Dost look down to pity, and help us
Make brighter each sorrowful way—
To turn, with the light of thy presence,
Darkest night to sunshiny day!

Yes, I'm sitting alone in the shadows,
With the indefinable pain—
With the indescribable longing
That seems to be all in vain!
And yet, as the night closes 'round me,
Bright visions of beautiful things
So softly, so sweetly come to me,
That it seems as if angel wings
Have brought from behind the darkness,

From a land of golden light,
And left, as they passed near by me,
Sweet glimpses of Heaven to-night!

Now, roaming in memory's palace,
Thro' it's chambers and stately halls;
And studying the pictures of times gone by
That hang on its goodly walls;
One bright, panoramic picture—
That hangs in the outer hall—
Of a visit to La Cahana,
Seems fairest and brightest of all.
Sweet, beautiful La Cahana,
Under sunny, southern sky;
With the great, old mountains behind it.
So grand, and still, and high!

The mountains—whose fitful shadows
Chase each other the long day thro';
Whose colors vie with the heavens
In their varying shades of blue.
The orange groves with fruit of gold;
And blossoms white as snow,
Surround a lovely cottage,
In the valley just below.
Beautiful flowers of brightest hues
Are growing everywhere;
And over the broad veranda
Climb vines and roses rare.

While I stand before the picture,
Still gazing with rapt delight,
The views are swiftly changing
As they pass before my sight.
Ah! How I wish it were possible
To tell of the beautiful things!
To tell of the loving and happy thoughts
Which the picture to memory brings.
'Tis never quite given in life, I think—
This power for which we long—
To grasp the thought of the Infinite;
And weave it in verse and song.

And so, I find it impossible
To say all I wish to say

Of those beautiful days that have vanished—
That glided like dreams away;
But I know that, however imperfect,
The story I give you may be,
There are some who will always love it,
Those who were there with me,
Will always read between the lines
The joy and beauty untold,
Will always think of that happy time,
As more precious to us than gold!

Again we are climbing the canons
The mists are rolling away;
And the mountains are crowned in splendor,
With the light of the fresh, young day!
Climbing the beautiful canons;
And above them, wherever we go,
Snowy yuccas, like sentinels standing
Keep guard of the vale below.
But here, tho' the wonderful picture
Is dainty, and fair, and sweet,
I turn away unsatisfied—
It seems so incomplete!
For never, O, grand old canons!
Can painter or poet tell,
One half of the hidden beauties
That within your sweet depths dwell!

Only in fancy's bright vision
Can I see in perfection again,
This picture of sweet seclusion,
"Far away from the haunts of men."
Down from the heights above us,
Flashing with silvery gleam,
From the cool, sequestered silence;
Fell a narrow mountain stream;
And its tiny waves were laden
With messages low and sweet,
As we gazed in its limpid waters,
Flowing gently at our feet.

The voice of the rippling waters,
Brought a spirit of love and peace;
And we felt, in those blissful moments,

A sense of sweet release
From all earth's manifold sorrows,
From every corroding care,
As we studied in silent wonder,
The beauties of nature there.
We sat in a fairy, fern-land bower—
By crystal waterfall,
And gathered the brakes and graceful ferns
That grew by the granite wall;

And below, and around, and above us,
From the daintiest flowers that grew,
To the sheltering walls of granite,
And the cloudless sky of blue,
We felt there was nothing wanting
In that peaceful, quiet retreat,
But the presence of loved ones, far away,
To make our joy complete.
Then we climbed the rocks together,
And every step we trod,
We were led to look up thro' nature,
To nature's wonderful God!

And helpful, comforting lessons,
From all His works so fair,
Seemed to fall like benedictions,
Over our spirits there.
Bright days that we spent together,
On which we love to dwell!
Where never a cloud nor shadow
Over our happiness fell.
The memory of sweet La Cahana,
In the years that come and go,
Like the music of murmuring streams,
Thro' each of our lives will flow.

Dawn of Hope.

I sit in the soft gray twilight,
But the shadows thickly fall,
Casting in gloom and sadness,
Deep darkness over all.
The light of the sun has faded—
The beautiful twilight gone;
And thro' the bare, brown branches,
The wild, wintry wind sweeps on.

Ah! dark seems the world, and dreary,
As I gaze on the blackness of night;
And I shiver! From cold? No, from sadness,
As I turn from the fireside bright;
For into my life a sadness
Darker than night has grown;
And the icy winds of winter,
Only echo my soul's sad moan.

When the beautitul flower of Hope,
By fate's rude sickle is mown,
And its petals seem closed forever,
And its sweetness and beauty have flown,
Life seems darker and drearer
Than the darkest night can be:
More restless, and tossed and troubled
Than the wild and stormy sea.

With a sigh I step to the window
And draw the curtains aside;
Look! Already the clouds are breaking!
And the lovely moon doth ride
In the beautiful blue of the heavens,
Shedding her floods of light,
In silvery beams of splendor
Upon the earth's cold night.

The stars, the "flowers of the angels,"
Are blossoming one by one.
They whisper "Peace" to my spirit,
And the words "Thy will be done."
O, soul! hast thou thus forgotten
Thy Master's words and will,
When he calmed the troubled waters,
Saying unto them "Peace be still?"

Look up, O soul, thro' the darkness,
Into the mystic land!
Before thee the "curtains" are parting,
Drawn aside by an unseen hand;
And light from the City Celestial,
Thro' the radiant vista gleams;
And I seem transported in rapture,
To a land of golden dreams.

And to my spirit there speaketh
A voice from the land unknown;
And its silvery music hath hushed
The wail of my soul's sad moan.

These are the words I hear—
Borne by the breeze along—
"Why art thou sad, O soul?
Why hast thou ceased thy glad song?

"God's plans are lovely and wise,
Like lillies, they'll open wide;
They are hiding, with pure white petals,
The calyx of gold inside.
Despise n t the Father's chastening,
Well He knoweth thy greatest need!
He will never leave nor forsake thee,
Nor 'break the bruised reed.'

"Draw nearer, O soul! Draw nearer—
'Tis a cross that raiseth thee!
Face calmly the rude storms of earth,
And purer thy life shall be;
For he who endureth the sorrows,
And trials and cares of life,
Shall find himself purified, strengthened,
Yea, made sublime for the strife!"

The voice has ceased its speaking.
Yet still by the window I stand,
For it seemeth the Heavenly Father
Hath taken me by the hand;
And gently leading me upward,
Hath taught me that His way is best,
Hath shown me the bright side of sorrow,
And the way to peace and rest.

The Lord's Prayer.

Our Father who in Heaven art,
We praise thy name with tongue and heart;
O, may it ever hallowed be,
Both now and thro' eternity!
May every tongue and every knee
Confess Thy name, and bow to Thee.

O, let Thy Kingdom quickly come!
We pray Thee, visit every home;
And, by thy spirit's influence sweet,
Draw sinners to Thy mercy seat.
May all their grateful homage bring
To Thee, our Prophet, Priest and King.

May we help build Thy Kingdom, Lord,
And, O, we pray Thy Holy Word
Shall be to every fainting heart
The dearest, best and sweetest part!
Let all the nations of the earth
With loud hosannas bless Thy birth!

Help us to say: "Thy will be done,"
When griefs and trials —one by one—
Like mighty billows o'er us roll,
And thick, black clouds envrap the soul.
O, give us faith, that we may know
The "silver lining" still doth glow.

Give us this day the bread we need,
Our souls on "Heavenly manna" feed.
In whatsoever we may do -
In eating and in drinking, too—
May we show forth Thy glory, Lord,
As we're commanded in Thy Word.

As we our enemies forgive,
O, bid us turn to Thee and live!
Strengthen and bless and sanctify;
"Keep, as the apple of thine eye"
Thy children from temptation's harm;
Uphold with thine almighty arm!

We pray Thee, be our "Sun and Shield;"
Enable us by grace to "yield
The fruits for true repentance meet."
We'll cast our trophies at thy feet,
And to Thy name forevermore
Sing glory, honor, praise and power!

The Secret Fountain.

The secret or the Lord is with them that fear him. Psalms 25-14.

There is a river, the streams whereof shall make glad the city of God. Psalms 46-4.

There is a secret fountain,
Whose streams ne'er cease to flow;
To those whose lives are "hid with Christ,"

In murmurs soft and low,
Thro' daytime's noisy bustle,
Or silence of the night,
They keep forever singing
Of LIFE, and LOVE and LIGHT!

Eternal life, most blessed—
God's precious gift to man!
His Love divine, how wondrous,
To form Salvation's plan!
His own dear son the sacrifice
Must make, to set us free—
Born to a life of hardship,
And matchless agony.

Thanks be to God the father,
For His own precious Son,
Who died on Calvary's mountain,
To save a world undone.
The Light of all the ages—
Most glorious and bright.—
To set our hearts to singing
Even in Sorrow's night.

The "oil of joy for mourning,"
A blessed, soothing balm,
To heal the wounded spirit.
And "troubled waters calm,"
Grief-laden, weary pilgrims,
Anointing with this oil,
Shall sweeten every sorrow,
And lighten all their toil.

"As trees of God's own planting,
The garment of His praise"
He giveth his beloved
To wear thro' endless days.
'Tis comely for the upright,
Because their actions prove
The truth of their "sweet story
Of Jesus and His love."

O, "tree beside the river,
Whose leaf shall wither not,
Who barest in thy season,"
Tho' in some lonely spot,
"The fruit of His dear spirit,

Better than finest gold;"
Whose taste more sweet than honey,
And goodly to behold;

Dost ever long for mountain
Or meadows broad and free—
So weary grown, of standing
Just where He planted thee?
Then listen to the music!
In tender notes of love,
The "river-song" is telling
How "the dear Lord above,

"Careth for all His children;
And never will forsake;
When thou art worn and weary,
Himself thy load will take;
He is not willing any
Should sore affliction see;
But that thy faith—most precious—
Tho' tried by fire it be—

"Shall at thy Lord's appearing,
Unto his praise be found;
And glory, strength and honor,
To His dear name abound!
Know this: the richest fruitage
Is found in deepest shade;
And sweetest flowers are blooming
In secret glen and glade!

"Concerning thee, His purpose—
A wise and lovely plan,
To make thy life a blessing,
Beyond the ken of man;
Working in thee, His pattern!
Only submissive be;
And soon, thy wondering vision
Thy starry crown shall see!"

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MY LITTLE	E. O. R.
THE CHRISTMAS OFFERING	E. O. R.
CONSECRATION	E. O. R.
CREATION'S UNDER-SONG	I. O. D.
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